

The Comicall Historie of

I got a promise of this faire one heere
To have her love : provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her mistres.

Por. Is this true *Nerrissa*?

Ner. Madam it is, so you stand pleas'd withall.

Bass. And do you *Gratiano* mean good faith?

Gra. Yes faith my Lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.

Gra. Weel play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What and stake down?

No, we shall nere win at that sport and stake downe.

But who comes heere? *Lorenzo* and his Infideil?

What, and my old *Venecian* friend *Salerio*?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio?
from Venice.

Bassa. *Lorenzo* and *Salerio*, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new intrest here
Have power to bid you welcome : by your leave,
I bid my friends and countreymen,
Sweet *Portia* welcome.

Por. So do I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.

Lor. I thanke your honour; for my part my Lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He did intreate me past all saying nay
To come with him along.

Sal. I did my Lord,
And I have reason for it, Signior *Antonio*.
Commends him to you.

Bass. Ere I ope his Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Sal. Not sick my Lord, unlesse it be in mind,
Nor well, unlesse in mind : his letter there
Will shew you his estate.

Gra. *Nerrissa*, cheer yond stranger, bid her welcome.
Your hand *Salerio*, whats the newes from *Venice*?
How doth that royall Merchant good *Antonio*?
I know he will be glad of our successe,

We

the Merchant of Venice.

We are the *Iasons*, we have wonne the fleece.

Sal. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yond same paper,
That steales the colour from *Bassanio's* cheekes,
Some deere friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turne so much the constitution
Of any constant man : what worse and worse?
With leave *Bassanio* I am halfe your selfe,
And I must have the halfe of any thing
That this same Paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet *Portia*,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted Paper. Gentle Lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ranne in my veines, I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true : and yet deere Lady
Rating my selfe at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse then nothing ; for indeed
I have ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend,
Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemy,
To feed my meanes. Here is a Letter Lady,
The Paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound
Issuing life blood. But is it true *Salerio*,
Hath all his ventures fail'd, what not one hit?
From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico* and *England*,
From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*,
And not one Vessell scape the dreadfull touch
Of Merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one my Lord.
Besides, it should appeare, that if he had
The present money to discharge the *Jew*,
He vould not take it : never did I know
A creature that did beare the shape of man
So keen and greedy to confound a man.

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